I visit the Edmond R, family, taking roses for Clotildo, who is already unable to get up from her bed. Oh, what a sacl visit! Received by the father, I feel as if he doesn't want to let me sec Clotilde. He hardly lets me ask for news of her health. And all the* time that he is talking to me, affecting a cordial jollity, I imagine what his face will soon be like, covered with tears, and I remember Octave's remark after the death of little Jules, Clotildc's brother: *M saw poor Eclmond. . . . It's strange: he weeps like a peasant/*

Great disappointment at the Guimet Museum. Second-, even third-class prints for the most part; and most of them without any indication of author or date; no classification at all. How can you find your way about? When the point is that you come here to learn your way about. I spend more than an hour there, though.

On the top deck of the bus that goes from the Trocucl6ro to the Gare cle ITEst I read *Lcs Frdrcs Zcrnganno^*

Endless walk along the outer boulevards. . . . I think, or at least I spend plenty of time imagining, but without its sketching itself out, the vague novel I am dreaming of: that is, the *relations* among a dozen characters. But how long will I have the restraint not to talk about it?

21 January

This morning, letter from Marcel Drouin protesting against Philippe's last two articles. He is right. But each one of us, even without knowing it, works on the pedestal for his bust almost as much as on the bust itself. It's a question of placing oneself "in a good light.*'

Eveiy morning I go to the Loxivrc, and 1 am at loose ends every Monday, when it's closed.

Spent an hour or two at J. C. Mardrus's. Mme Mardrus, charming, plays with her rings on the divan where I am half stretched out, J. C.

Mardrus, in an old-fashioned dark-blue waistcoat speckled with white, under a vast earners-hair dressing-gown, wide open, and which makes X. say as he comes in: "What! Are you ill?"

Mardrus relates: "Leaving the cafe, I meet Henri de R£gnier. He *adds himself to me* for a time. « . ."

Mardrus cannot forgive Henri de Regnier for the fact that he is still writing "Sch&iteade."

Paul Val^ry's affection; it is childlike and charming. No one undei> stands friendship so nicely or has so much delicacy. I have the greatest affection for him; it takes everything he says to diminish it, He is one of my best friends; if he were deaf and dumb I could not want a better one,

[17] *The Brothers Zemganno,* by Edmond de Goncourt, published in 1877.